Cor. Very well.

Doct. Please you draw neere: louder the musicke there.

Cor. O my deere father,
Restoration hang thy medicine on my lippes,
And let this kisse repaire those violent harmes
That my two sisters haue in thy reuerence made.

Kent. Kinde and deere Princesse.

Cor. Had you not bin their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pitty of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring windes,
To stand against the deepe dread bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quicke crosse lightning, to watch poore *Per du*,
With this thin helme? Mine iniurious dogge,
Though he had bit me, should haue stood that night
Against my fire, and wast thou faine (poore father)
To houill thee with swine and rogues forlorne,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alacke,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once,
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Doct. Madam do you, tis fittest.

C. How does my royal lord? how fares your maiesty

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out a'th graue,
Thou art a soule in blisse, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scald like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, know ye me?

Lear. Y'are a spirit I know, when did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, farre wide.

Doct. He's scarse awake, let him alone awhile.

Lea. Where haue I bin? where am I? faire day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I should ene dye with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not sweare these are my hands, let's see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd of my con-
Cor. O looke vpon me sir, (dition.
And hold your hands in benediction ore me,

No

No sir, you must not kneel
Lear. Pray do not mock
I am a very foolish fond ol
Fourescore and vpward, a
I feare I am not perfect in
Me thinkes I should know
Yet I am doubtfull: for I a
What place this is, and all
Remembers not these gar
Where I did lodge last nig
For (as I am a man) I thin
To be my childe *Cordelia*.

Cor. And so I am.

Lear. Be your teares we
If you haue poison for me
I know you do not loue m
Haue (as I do remember)
You haue some cause, they

Cor. No cause, no cause

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne kin

Lear. Do not abuse me

Doct. Be comforted go
cured in him, and yet it is
hee has lost; desire him t
ther setling.

Cor. Wilt please your

Lear. You must beare
Pray now forget and forg
I am olde and foolish.

Manet

Gen. Holds it true sir th
Kent. Most certaine sir
Gent. Who is conduct
Kent. As tis said, the ba
Gent. They say *Edgar* h

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